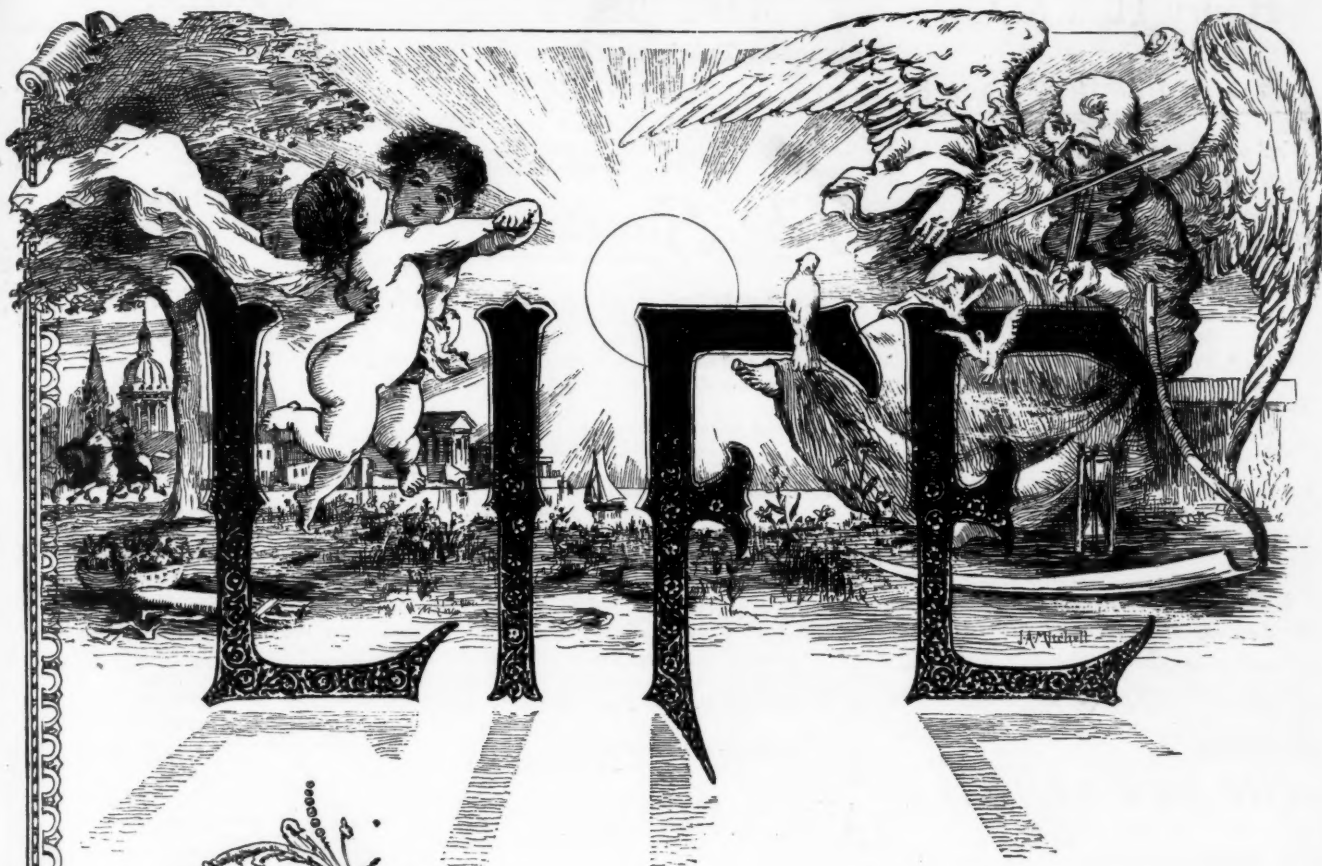


VOLUME I.

APRIL 12, 1883.

NUMBER 15.



~ Issued every Thursday ~

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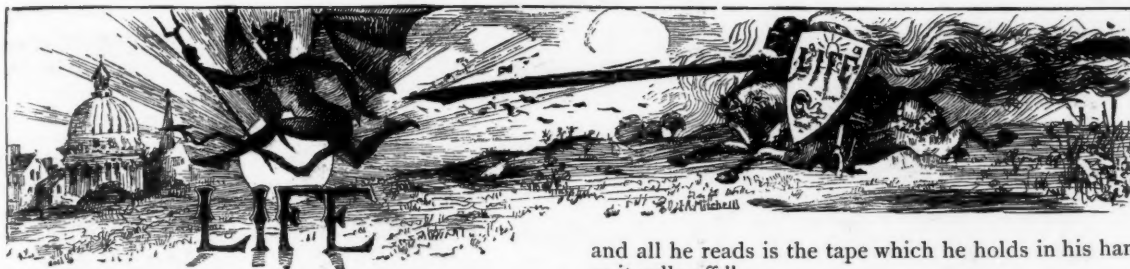
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VOL. I.

APRIL 12, 1883.

NO. 15.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

Subscribers who do not receive their copies will please notify the office at once.

JOHN PYRITES' STRATAGEM.



"WILL you be mine?" he said. "I enjoy the confidence of my employers and an average income of \$1500 yearly."

"Yes, dear," she answered, "I will be your's with great pleasure. But as the sum you mention is quite inadequate to your own support, it would not be sufficient for yourself and me, even though we lived in a flat and wore our present clothes for years to come."

"True," he replied, "but your esteemed parent, whose renown upon the street is greatly to his credit, will assuredly come down when you go off! His investments in A., B. & Q. are widely noised abroad, and the stock is safe as Government four per cents."

"Alas," she returned, "my dear father is imbued with prejudices of other times, adapted to modes of living not like ours. He believes that no man should marry unless he can support his wife. If you were rich he would make me rich, too, and bid me be your bride; but since you are poor, he will laugh you to scorn and bid you get money as he did."

Hearing this, John Pyrites was troubled in his soul, and still holding her trustful hand he led her to a chair upon which they sat down and were lost in thought.

"And it would be unusually idle," she continued, "to address my father now, since he has been for two days shut up with an attack of gout, which is likely to keep him in his room for weeks to come."

"Poor man; how does he amuse himself; does he improve the opportunity by assimilating tracts and oatmeal?"

"Not tracts. He has a stock indicator in his room,

and all he reads is the tape which he holds in his hand as it rolls off."

"Ha!" said Pyrites. "Heart's dearest. Even yet we may fix the old —, arrange your dear father. On what side of the house does the wire for his indicator enter?"

"It comes over the roof of the house adjoining?"

"The one with the tailor's shop on the first floor, and rooms to let in the attic?"

"The same; my own."

"'Tis well!"

* * * * *

A few moments later, a young man discreetly attired, engaged apartments in the top of the house next to that of Rufus Dubble, Esq., stipulating for immediate possession. The same afternoon, a couple of practical electricians presented themselves, saying that they had orders to put in a telegraphic call box for the new tenant. Having satisfied the person in charge that they were not plumbers they were allowed to go upon the roof and manipulate the wires at discretion.

Before noon of the next day a peculiar looking telegraphic instrument was in working order in the newly hired rooms, an expert operator sat and read the newspapers except at such times as he was wanted.

At one o'clock Rosalba Dubble entering her father's room found him sitting up with knitted brows scanning the tape which passed through his fingers. He refused to take food when the servant brought his lunch, and to his daughter's filial inquiries he returned impatient answers.

At two o'clock his perturbation was even more apparent; he tried to rise from his bed, but excruciating pain from his toe forced him to abandon the attempt. Still watching the tape which kept passing through his fingers, at three he had grown pale and abstracted. He sent presently for a messenger, and a close observer might have noticed that the boy came from and returned to the house next door. In an upper room of that house John Pyrites and the expert telegrapher sat in executive session.

At four o'clock the visiting card of Mr. John Pyrites was brought to Mr. Dubble's chamber with a message





Early Spring in New England.

that Mr. Pyrites begged that if possible he might converse with Mr. Dubble on a matter of importance.

"Sir," he said when admitted, "I love your daughter and she returns my affection. I believe that in order that we may both be happy, it is only needful that you should consent to our union."

"Pyrites," said the old gentleman, now lying white and exhausted upon his bed. "Have you been on the street since noon?"

"For the first time in months I have not," was the truthful response.

"Pyrites, within three hours I have become a poor man. I read from the tape that the bottom has dropped out of A., B. & Q., in which I had invested very largely on too small a margin. I cannot refuse your offer for my daughter. You are a good young man, Pyrites. Take her and cherish her. Ah, Rosa!" as she entered, "do you love him, dear?"

"I do, Papa."

"Then, my children, be happy. I doubt if I shall recover from this attack."

The old man turned his face to the wall. The young people went out together.

"Have the wires replaced immediately as they were!" said John Pyrites to the tele-

grapher at five o'clock, as he paid him for a day of skilled labor.

"Can make nothing of your note," wrote Hawk and Kiting to Rufus Dubble. "There has been no such fluctuation in the value of A., B. & Q. as you allude to."

At six o'clock the maid brought Rufus Dubble the

above note and the evening paper. He glanced at the letter and then turned to the stock quotations in the journal.

"What in Tophet ails my blooming ticker?" she heard him say.

But he never found out. Pyrites knew and so did Rosalba, but they did not tell; not even after they were married, which occurred in due time, for the old man said: "That Pyrites is a good young fellow and no fortune-hunting rascal. He asked for her when he thought she was poor, and though she is not poor he shall have her."

RIVAL HONEYMOONS.

Paris, à 21 Mars, 1883.

Monsieur le Redacteur :

J'ai vu dans les journaux qu'on allait produire a New York, une piece intitulee "A RUSSIAN HONEYMOON." j'ai envoye chercher une copie et j'etais etonne de la trouver une traduction de ma comedie LA LUNE DE MIEL—entre mellee des choses barbares et etrangeres. Est ce que c'est cela l'honneur en Amerique? Un Auteur n'a-t-il pas ses droits? Pourquoi cet auteur pretendu paraît-il dans mes plumes sans me donner credit. Supposons nos traducteurs voulei ent pretendre ecrire HAMLET?

Donnez moi au moins le credit pour mon caractere, mes personages et mon intrigue. Ils sont mes enfants, les inventions de mon esprit.

Votre serviteur indigne

Augustine Eugene Scribe.

MR. SCRIBE, you are entirely too fussy and particular. You do not understand American drama, American authors or the true American stage. We are a progressive people, and a cosmopolitan people, and so are our authors, and so is our stage, and so are our plays. To write plays with a pen, and dig their plots and subjects out of our brains, as you do out of yours, is altogether too slow—and wouldn't be half so satisfactory. Besides, to do that requires originality, and cultivation and real literary ability and a lot of other disagreeable things which are hard to get. How much more delightful to write a play with a pair of scissors and a dictionary—you can't think, Scribe. Particularly if you have French acquaintances to help you out when you come to a real hard word. Then all you have to do is to think up a new title—and there you are. Why, it is the simplest thing in the world. Look at Mr. Boucicault, Scribe, or Mr. Daly. Why, with a small French library, which you could carry in your hat, a pair of reliable shears and a spoonful of paste, Mr. Boucicault can knock out more solid original drama in a month than you, Scribe, could write in a lifetime. And Daly!—gracious, goodness, Scribe—you don't half know Daly! You can't conceive, Scribe, what an original man Daly is with a French play and a dictionary before him, or how genius and fertility just stand out on his brow in beads when he sits down with scissors and paste to tackle a German comedy. And there's Cazauran, with a big C—Cazauran of the Union Square—why, is it possible, Scribe, you don't know Caz.? That's because you don't live in Union Square, which is a big vacant lot in this city. Well, Caz. is



FROM BOSTON.

Miss Vernon: WHY, MRS. SOUTHERDERLY, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE LAST SUNDAY. YOU WERE NOT AT THE WEDDING.

Mrs. Southerderly: WHAT WEDDING?

Miss V.: WHY, THERE WAS ONLY ONE WEDDING LAST WEEK.

another of our original writers. Give Caz. a real Sardou—none of *your* plays, Scribe, but a genuine, all-wool-and-yard-wide \$10,000 Sardou hair-lifter—give Caz. a real Sardou, and watch him. It is a real treat—much more so than the play is afterwards. Why, Caz. runs his eagle eye down the first act and up the second and through the third and over the fourth before a bullfrog could wink, and then Caz. discovers that the one little point which makes Sardou's play a dead failure is the 91st line in the 3d act, which reads, "My lord, the carriage waits." To give this a realistic cast, impart a strong local coloring and reach an effective climax, so necessary to the stage, you know, Scribe—this should read, "M'lud, the Keb." Caz. sees this at once—quick man, Scribe—and Caz. writes it in, Caz. does, and then the play is a go, and Palmer puts it on, and it reads on the play-bills thus:

DANIEL ROCKET,
Adapted from the French of Victorien Sardou.
BY
CAZAURAN!!!

This is the rapid and effective way in which we write our plays, Scribe. It is the same method which is employed by New Jersey cashiers in acquiring ready money and portable property. You are a Frenchman, Scribe, and don't quite understand this simile—of course you don't—but if you were a New Jersey depositor for any appreciable length of time, you would. This is a tough old world, Scribe, and do not fail to keep it remembered.

Now, as to your individual case, Scribe. Of course we know that you are the author of "La Lune de Miel." Nobody doubts it. But you are *not* the author of "A Russian Honeymoon." Your play is French. This play is English. That alone makes a big difference. Your play has nothing in it from the *Lady of Lyons*, by Bulwer-Lytton. This play has. Another wide difference—can't you see it, Scribe? Then again—but, pshaw! why particularize?

Seriously, however, Scribe, we do not consider your complaint rightly directed. There is no doubt in our mind that the author of "A Russian Honeymoon" intended it to be patent to the world that her effort was merely a translation and adaptation of your play,



THE HEAT OF ACTION.

Taken from life on account of Miss Rosamond Budd, who, when Lent began, complained that she had been to fifty parties and never yet seen a supper-table.

not an original work. We do not believe for an instant that the author announced it otherwise than thus :

A RUSSIAN HONEYMOON,
OR
LA LUNE DE MIEL.
BY
SCRIBE.

Translated and arranged by * * * * *

If your rights as original author have been slurred in the announcements, believe us it was the work of the stupid printers who were too lazy to set up your name in the big type required, or it was done by the bill-poster men, who thought your name wouldn't look pretty in blue letters on a white ground. The author is a lady, well-known in New York society, and is incapable of literary piracy. Depend upon it, dear indignant French dramatist, no slur of your rights

is intended, and no doubt the good Madison Square people, who are extraordinarily considerate of the rights of others, will put your name on the programmes in Long Primer caps as soon as this meets their eye.

GREAT ENTERPRISE.

A YOUNG New York lawyer, taking pattern by the Charitable Societies, has gotten up this ingenious form of heading for his office letter paper :

NEW YORK,.....188

CHARLES DUDKINS,
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
417 Pine St.,
NEW YORK.

Form of Bequest :

I give and bequeath to Charles Dudkins, and his heirs, the sum of \$—.

Subscriptions and contributions will be thankfully received by
CHARLES DUDKINS.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

WASHINGTON, April 1st.—President Arthur expects to go next week to Fortress Monroe for a few days' rest.

FORTRESS MONROE, April 2nd.—The hotels here are rapidly filling up in anticipation of President Arthur's visit.

WASHINGTON, April 3rd.—The President, who is suffering from too great attention to affairs of State,* has been advised by his physicians to go at once to Florida. The trip to Old Point Comfort has been abandoned.

FORTRESS MONROE, April 4th.—The President is expected here to-morrow.

WASHINGTON, April 5th.—It is not yet decided at what time the President will leave Washington. The *Dispatch* is in readiness to take him to Fortress Monroe.

WASHINGTON, April 6th, 10 A. M.—The President will leave for Savannah at 6:20 this evening.

WASHINGTON, April 6th, 5 P. M.—It is now definitely determined that the President will not go South.

WASHINGTON, April 7th, 10 P. M.—Private dispatch from our correspondent: "I'll be hanged if I know what Chet. is going to do. Will keep you advised. Have bought ticket on every road running out of Washington, and shall not get left."

WASHINGTON, April 8th.—The President, by advice of his physicians (Drs. McTwine and Roller), will go to New York to-day for a visit of two weeks, for the purpose of filing his private papers.

JERSEY CITY, April 8th, midnight.—The President has arrived here.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

WASHINGTON, April 1st.—Secretary Folger is suffering from malaria, and was not at his office to-day.

April 2nd.—It is rumored that Secretary Folger is about to resign.

April 3rd.—Secretary Folger is much better to-day. There is no foundation for the rumor that he will resign.

April 4th.—Secretary Folger was not at the Treasury to-day. Inquiry at his residence failed to elicit any information as to his whereabouts.

April 5th.—Secretary Folger, it is thought, has gone to Bermuda on a man-of-war. Much doubt exists as to whether Assistant Secretary French or Assistant Secretary New shall act in his absence. Mr. New hopes for the best.

April 6th.—Mr. Folger has returned to Washington much improved. No one knows where he was (or cares). It is positively asserted that he will resign.

* The word "dinners" appeared here in the dispatch; but, being evidently a mistake, was erased.—ED. LIFE.



CANDOR.

Housemaid: IT DOES MY HEART GOOD TO SEE YOU AND THE BABY TOGETHER. IT'S A PRETTY PICTURE. SURE, AND HE'S THE IMAGE OF YOU.

Fond Mother: BUT THEY ALL SAY THAT HE LOOKS LIKE HIS FATHER, MARY.

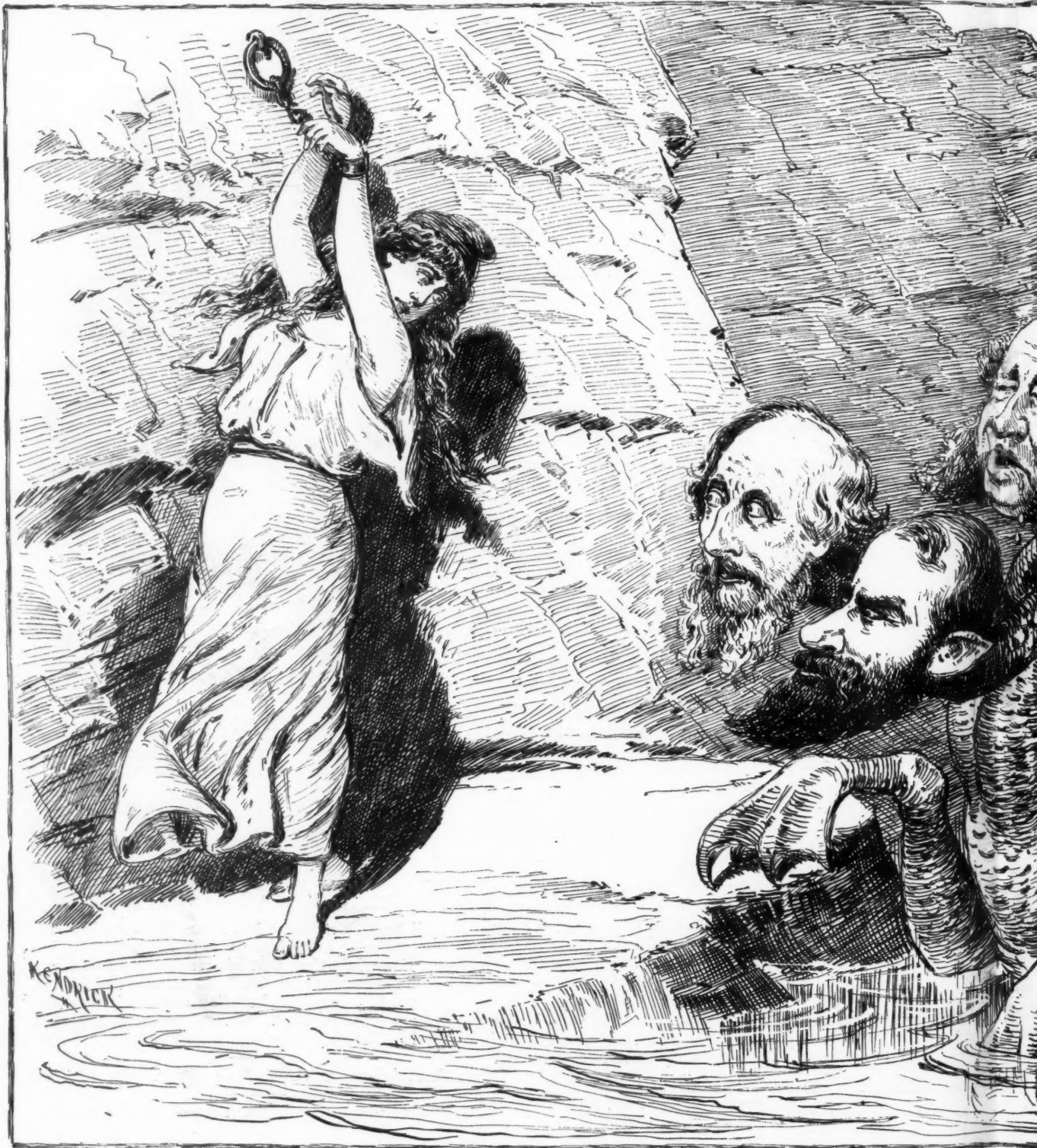
Housemaid: BLESS YOUR SOUL, MUM, HE'S NOT HALF GOOD-LOOKING ENOUGH FOR THAT.

April 7th.—Mr. Folger is worse.

April 8th.—Mr. Folger has taken the very highest professional advice, and has decided that, in view of the fact that his malady has shown no improvement since last November, he had better remain where he is. Any change, it is said, might prove fatal. Mr. Folger will not resign. Mr. New is poorly.

FEMALE fancy work—Ouida's novels.

PROPER weapon for killing time—The minute gun.



A MONSTER NOT A

SEE THE PRETTY TABLEAU! IT IS LIBERTY WHO IS DOING ANDROMEDA. PERSIAN
passes GIVEN HIM FOR JERICHO, AND SEIZED THE OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE AN EXCURSION



R NOT AT BARNUM'S.

EDDA. PERSEUS BELONGS IN THE PICTURE, BUT THE ASSIGNEE OF THAT CHARACTER HAD
E AN EXCURSION.



WHEN MAIMIE MARRIED.

WHEN Maimie married Charley Brown,
Joy took possession of the town;
The young folks swarmed in happy throngs—
They rang the bells—they carolled songs—
They carpeted the steps that led
Into the church where they were wed;
And up and down the altar-stair
They scattered roses everywhere;
When, in her orange-blossom crown,
Queen Maimie married Charley Brown.

So beautiful she was, it seemed
Men, looking on her, dreamed they dreamed;
And he, the holy man who took
Her hand in his, so thrilled and shook,
The gargoyles round the ceiling's rim
Looked down and leered and grinned at him
Until he half forgot his part
Of sanctity, and felt his heart
Beat worldward through his sacred gown—
When Maimie married Charley Brown.

The bridesmaids kissed her left and right—
Fond mothers hugged her with delight—
Young men of twenty-eight were seen
To blush like lads of seventeen,
The while they held her hand to quote
The sentiments some poet wrote.—
Yea, all the heads that Homage bends
Were bowed to her—but O, my friends,
My hopes went up—my heart went down
When Maimie married Charley Brown!

J. W. RILEY.



MR. JACOBS.

[By the author of "Messrs. Abrahams and Isaacs," "The Lost Tribes," "An 'Ebrew Jew," etc., etc.]

CHAPTER IV.

THE TAGGER HUNT.

THE next morning I was awakened by the wild strains of the jewsharp, and looking from my window, I saw Jacobs leaning against one of the pillars of the verandah, and executing the Burmese air entitled, "Invitation to the Chase." Presently I heard the cheery voice of the nabob of Bramapootra striking in with the words of this favorite hunting song:

"We'll chase the antelope over the plain,
And the tiger's cub we'll bind with a chain," etc.

"Ah ha! boys," he shouted, "already up? A beautiful morning; a southerly wind and a cloudy sky—just the day for taggers. Three cheers—and a tiger! Ha, ha!" and the jovial old fellow laughed till his red face shone like the Rising Sun Stove Polish. For he was a perfect Nimrod in the matter of tigers, and had potted more Royal Bengals in his time than any man in India. And now the elephant herd drew up in front of the hotel, and we proceeded to climb into the howdahs, amid the clamor of the native *drivahs* and *beatahs*. There were thirty elephants. Muligatawney Supe rode one, Lord Fitzflaherty another, Jacobs another, myself a fourth, the fiery little Huggermugger of Chungapore—who was if anything a deader shot and more enthusiastic sportsman than Muligatawney Supe himself—was mounted upon the fifth, and a white Siamese, with an uncommonly strong back had been secured for Miss Juggernaut. The remaining two dozen were pad elephants, which were to bring back the "dead cats."

I was talking with Jacobs, who was just about to ascend the step ladder to the back of his elephant when an extraordinary figure came across the plaza and paused beside us. He was a gaunt, high shouldered man about two hundred years old, but with an extremely youthful expression of the eyes. He was dressed in a flowing robe of sheepskin, the wool of which had been reduced by age to a dull blue color. His face was of the same hue—as the countenance of one who had taken too much nitrate of silver; and his beard and hair were of a uniform cerulean tint.

"Peace be with you," he said, to my companion.

"And with you, peace," replied the latter.

"Let not the singing bulbul of Cashmere take his white rose of Gulistan to the hunt," said this remarkable person in a low voice. Jacobs started perceptibly, but immediately recovering his composure, he said, indifferently:

"Why not?"

"I cannot tell thee why, my son; nevertheless I would not do it, if I were as thou."

"Oh, wouldn'test thou? Hadn'test thou better pull down thy vest?" answered Jacobs, haughtily.

The old man shook his head sorrowfully. "Who is this ancient party?" I enquired.

"It is Fol-de-Rol, the Fakir of Ava," he replied, in an undertone. "He is by profession a prestidigitator, but he has by no means confined himself to that as a specialty. He is a greater linguist, for example, than either you or I, and can—and indeed he often does—swear in one hundred and twenty-seven languages."

"My son," repeated Fol-de-Rol, "go not to the chase."

"You said that before," answered Jacobs. "Ta-Ta, Fakir; be virtuous and you'll be happy," and he placed his foot upon the step-ladder.

"Stay!" commanded the old man, laying his hand on Jacob's arm. He drew from his leathern pouch a remarkably dirty deck of cards, shuffled them rapidly, and presenting them to my friend, bade him draw one. He obeyed in silence. "Now, you," said the Fakir, holding out the pack to me. I also drew one. He shuffled the pack, and then said to Jacobs, "Put your card back." He did so, and then I did the same. The old man gazed for a moment at the heavens, made one or two mystic passes with his hands, muttered a low prayer or spell, and then drawing the Queen of Hearts from the pack, exclaimed, "There is thy card."

"What givest thou me?" said Jacobs; "my card was the Ace of Diamonds." But he turned white to the lips, and leaned for support against the front leg of his elephant.

"Now, wilt thou go?" asked Fol-de-Rol, triumphantly.

"I will—I must. This day is to decide between me and him," and he pointed to Lord Fitzflaherty, who sat a few rods away on his beast.

"Peace be with you," murmured Fol-de-Rol, bending his head submissively, and directly he vanished into thin air.

"And with you be—Gad! he is gone," muttered Jacobs, as he mounted the ladder and took his seat in the howdah. And now, with the beating of tom-toms, the blare of fish-horns and the shrill cries of the *beatals* who ran on before in a swarm, the procession moved forward, and entered the jungle. I am rather *blasé* on these big *battues*. I got heartily tired of them when Wales was in the country. He would insist on my accompanying him every time, and the thing got to be a great bore. For myself I prefer the *petit comité*—three or four nice little elephants and half a dozen *beatals*. Then there is some spice of danger. These monstrous tiger hunts are rapidly spoiling the noble sport and destroying the game. Fifty a day. What a wasteful extravagance! Soon there will be not a man-eater in India. I therefore took out my Kant and began to examine his proof of the possibility of synthetic cognitions *à priori*. I read on from syllogism to syllogism, from enthymeme to enthymeme, detecting here an undistributed middle, and there an illicit process of the major, and again a disjunctive hypothetical with the minor false. Mighty philosopher! Sublime skeptic! I love to sharpen my reasoning powers on the subtle sophistries of the man who would have destroyed my religion—and might perhaps have done so, had not my still subtler intellect exposed his fallacies. I was disturbed in my reading by the voice of Muligatawney Supe, who rode the next elephant, calling:

"Come, Priggs, shut up your book. You Kant come that dodge here, you know. Ha, ha, ha!" and the merry old fellow laughed until he nearly tumbled from his howdah. I closed the book but continued to repeat mechanically:

"All X is Y and, if all Y isn't X, Y isn't it?"

Suddenly a couple of rifle shots in quick succession aroused me. A beautiful young tiger sprang forty feet into the air from a group of lofty banyans a few rods away, and after turning a dozen somersaults, descended with a crash at the very feet of Miss Juggernaut's elephant.

"Oh, how jolly nice!" exclaimed the young lady. "But is he quite dead?"

"My tigers," said her uncle, severely, "never live an instant after they are shot. I always go for a vital spot."

"Your tiger!" exclaimed the Huggermugger of Chungapore, from the extreme left of the procession. "My tiger, I think."

"Save the ears," called out Lord Fitz.

It was too late. A lithe young *niggah*, darting forward with his knife, whipped those valued features from the dead tiger in a trice, and then disappeared in the jungle.

"It's always so," explained Jacobs; "they consider them as a charm of wonderful potency. You will never see either *niggah* or ears again."

"How nasty of him!" complained Miss Juggernaut. "I do so want a pair of ears."

"You shall have them, if I have to cut off my own," said Jacobs, hoarsely. In the brain of the victim two bullets were found, reposing side by side; one having entered the right eye, and the other the left. The former had upon it the mark of the nabob of Bramapootra; the latter, the mark of the Huggermugger of Chungapore. The next tiger fell to the lot of Lord Fitz, who put him up in a bed of reeds and carried off his left ear in the first shot, not being so perfect in his aim as the older sportsmen of the party. Infuriated by the pain, the great cat sprang upon the head of the elephant and snarled in Fitzflaherty's face. The latter behaved splendidly. It was the first tiger that he had ever seen, or indeed heard of; for, though a fine fellow, his lordship's education in natural history had been sadly neglected, and he knew only two or three languages. But, puffing his cigarette smoke coolly in the creature's face, he languidly drew a revolver from his belt, and, with a nonchalant yawn, fired a bullet into the monster's head, killing it instantly.



BOUQUET DE CORSAGE.

WHY, DIDN'T HE SEE YOU, CLARA! WFL, LEAVE HALF OF THE ROSE-BUSH AT HOME TO-MORROW AND GIVE HIM ANOTHER CHANCE.

"I regret exceedingly, Miss Juggernaut," said the young hero, "that my tiger also has no ears. One of them I unfortunately took off by a clumsy shot, and the other seems to have been gnawed off long ago—perhaps by his mate in a moment of conjugal infelicity."

"Don't mention it," said Miss Juggernaut, politely. Nevertheless, I could see that Lord Fitz noticed her disappointment, and was deeply mortified. A search was made by the natives in the jungle for the missing ear, but without success, and we again moved on. We had not gone far when the line of skirmishers was driven in, followed by a gigantic man-eater, twenty feet in length, which emerged from a banana swamp just in front of Jacob's elephant. The elephant, which was young and untrained, reared on its hind legs; the howdah, loosened by the motion, slid to one side, and its occupant fell to the ground, amid loud cries of "*Dahmet! dahmet!*" from the natives, who had taken to the trees like monkeys.

"Howdah you feel now?" shouted Muligatawney Supe.

This atrocious jest shed a gloom over the landscape, which added to the natural darkness of the jungle. But through the latter we could see the gleam of Jacobs' magnificent eyes, as drawing from his sash a Sheffield razor, with a handle of curiously carved ivory, enchased with quicksilver, he advanced upon the colossal animal and took him firmly by the throat with his left hand. The tiger struggled in his iron grasp in vain. With two rapid slashes of the knife he severed the ears from the head, and then, losing his hold upon his victim's throat, he retired a pace or two, and fixed his wondrous eyes upon the eyes of the mutilated tiger. The latter withstood not long, but, trembling in every joint, turned, and with a low growl, trotted off into the jungle.

"Will Miss Juggernaut do me the favor of accepting this trifle?" asked Jacobs, as he coolly wiped the blood from his trophies with the leaf of a peanut palm. "I believe they are rather large," he added. "The animal was what is called in Hindoostan a *bustah*."

He tossed the huge, hairy things up to the young lady with an air of easy indifference, touched his hat with high-bred courtesy, and, turning away, vaulted lightly on the back of his elephant.

"Oh, thanks, very much," said Miss Juggernaut, as she stooped from the howdah, and caught them on the fly.

"Pretty good for Jacobs," exclaimed her uncle. "Fitz, my boy, better luck next time. Time for tiffin. Well, three taggers in an hour ain't bad. 'Bout face!"

The fish-horns sounded a recall: the tom-toms beat a flourish of victory: the hunt was over.



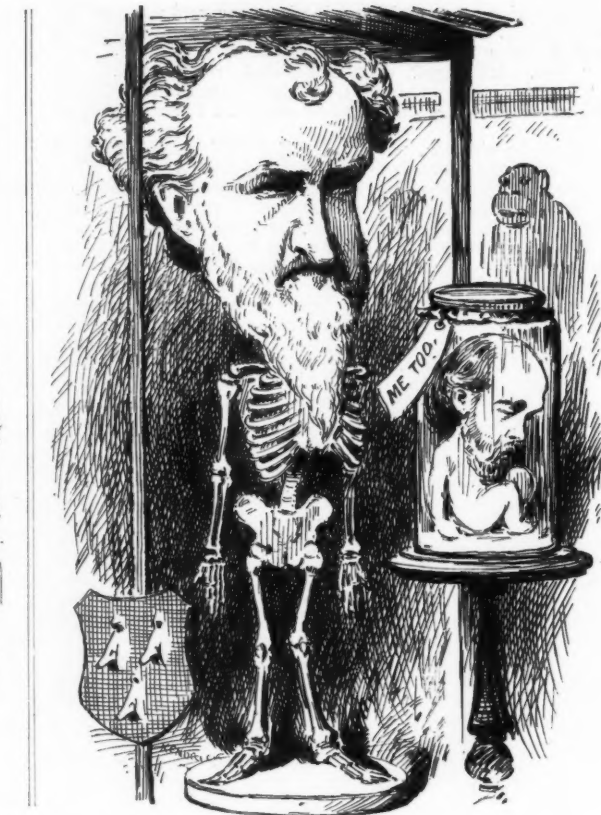
VII.

SUSAN CONKLING.

THIS lady, who is America's first and only professional beauty, was born at sea during the trial trip of the Pilgrims' Line steamer Mayflower. In due time she attained her nineteenth year and has remained so ever since. During her travels in Rome and other portions of this State, she became interested in the obsolete form of worship known as the Eleusinian Mysteries. These rites were conducted by Roman ladies, to the exclusion of men, as likewise were those of the Bona Dea. Knowing one or two bony dears, Miss Conkling conceived the idea of reviving these rites of women—or women's rites; altering them somewhat to suit the times. She popularized this movement to such an extent that, in less than forty years, more than a dozen persons already were enrolled under her banners, and still maintain their convictions. Exactly what the belief, forms, or ceremonies of the order are no one knows to this day; but it is thought that they closely assimilate with those of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and the Psi Upsilon Kappa. The officers of the order are known to be: Grand President, Susan Conkling; Grand Vice-President, J. K. Hamilton Willcox; Grand Secretary, L. D. Blake; Grand Monitor, Rev. Dorgan Mix.

Upon the boastful act of England last year—sending her fairest beauty to our dazzled shores—an act of national re-aliation became necessary, and Miss Conkling was appealed to by Congress to go and teach the haughty and stiff-necked Britons a lesson. She went.

MINT SAUCE.—Scurrilous remarks about the new five cent piece.



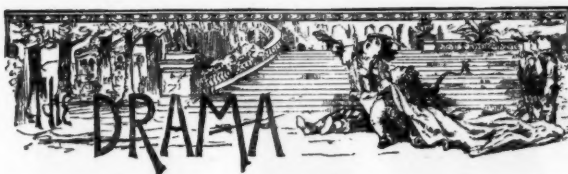
VIII.

ROSCOE B. ANTHONY.

THIS unfortunate suicide was directly descended, on his father's side, from the famous Anthony whose nose is still pointed out to tourists on the upper Hudson. A nose, gules, rampant on a field sable being the heraldic device of the Anthonys, conferred originally by Richard Cœur de Lion at the battle of Manasses, young Roscoe was at an early age educated in its development, and so successfully that it remained his chief characteristic through life. At the age of twenty, Roscoe entered upon his studies of the law, and one year later his delighted father saw him at the bar, pleading a bonded liquor case before Judge Hoffman, at the Supreme Court on Twenty-fourth Street near Broadway. His subsequent elevation was a matter of course, and in a few years he became a member of Congress, where his modesty, self-abasement, and disinterested patriotism won him deserved renown. Two years ago, however, his retiring disposition was sadly imposed upon by some designing politicians, who wished to possess themselves of the exclusive Government patronage. Among these was one who held the petty position of Chief Executive, and who had the bold impudence to tell Roscoe that, if he didn't like it, he knew what he could do, or words to that effect. This was more than the sensitive nature of our hero could bear, and so, like the Romans of old, he went home, bit off his own famous nose, dined heavily on crow, sat on a can of powder, and blew his brains out. The sad affair cast a gloom over the entire Third Ward.

Personally, Mr. Anthony was of a delicate build, straight-haired, and was shy as a girl in manner. It has been reported several times that his ghost has been seen on the streets and in the courts of this city; but, of course, this cannot be.

C.



THE CASINO.

AMERICA'S HANDSOMEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT!

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(Accompanied by a Chorus of Creditors.)

MR. MAURICE GRAU'S French Comic Opera Co. in
"La Marjolaine."

BEFORE THE PLAY.

IN THE LOBBY.

THE FATHER OF A FAMILY: It is a beautiful theatre. I wish we had brought the girls to see it.

THE MOTHER OF A FAMILY: It is a beautiful theatre, but they say all these French operas are so—so—so very dreadful that I thought it best to leave the girls at home.

THE FATHER OF A FAMILY: If the play is so gamey, why did you bring Albert Edward?

THE MOTHER OF A FAMILY: The girls understand French, and the impropriety of the play might shock them, but Albert Edward is only thirteen, and he hates French and never studies it, and I thought that the music might amuse him.

ALBERT EDWARD (*aside to a school-mate who passes him*): I hear this is a boss show, and Théo just knocks spots out of old Aimée! I like French operas, I do! There's always a sort of French ball flavor about 'em!

ACT I.

The first act of "La Marjolaine" cannot be described in detail without subjecting this paper to the danger of seizure at the hands of Mr. Anthony Comstock and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Vice.

INTERMISSION I.

A YOUNG MAN WHO HAS BEEN ABROAD (*loudly*): Théo don't act half as well here as she did in Paris.

HIS NEIGHBOR: Why not?

THE YOUNG MAN WHO HAS BEEN ABROAD (*more loudly*): Oh, I don't know. I guess she plays off on us as Americans. She hasn't any go here, you know—no snap, no ginger. You should see Judic and Granier in a part like this, or Sarah Bernhardt or Croizette. They've got some style about 'em. But perhaps if they came here they would get tame too. If you had ever been to Paris you would agree with me.

HIS NEIGHBOR (*quietly*): I have been to Paris. I have lived there for years. I have seen Théo in Paris, and she was not any better there than she is here. She can't act and she can't sing, and her voice is like a sour lemon with the shivers. As for Sarah Bernhardt and Croizette, they never appeared in *opéra-bouffe*. Granier isn't much better than Théo; Judic is a great deal better than Théo; but neither of them is to be compared for a moment to Aimée, who is one of the very best comic actresses ever seen on our stage. Have you ever been to Paris?

THE YOUNG MAN WHO HAS BEEN ABROAD (*meekly*): Yes.

HIS NEIGHBOR: Did you see the Obelisk of Luxor on the Place de la Concorde?

THE YOUNG MAN WHO HAS BEEN ABROAD (*meekly*): Yes.

HIS NEIGHBOR: Well, as a comic actress, as an artist generally, Aimée towers over all contemporary French *opéra-bouffers* just as the obelisk towers over the Place de la Concorde.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO HAS BEEN ABROAD (*meekly*): Yes.

(*Goes out to get his seat changed.*)

ACT II.

The second act of "La Marjolaine" contains an effect stolen from Shakespeare, but even this would not serve to protect this paper from the police if we described in detail the half of the things said and done by the characterless characters of the play.

INTERMISSION II.

A BRILLIANT WIT: Have you been into the Lobby?

HIS FRIEND: Yes.

THE BRILLIANT WIT: Did you notice the cloak-room?

HIS FRIEND: No.

THE BRILLIANT WIT: It has a sign on it declaring it to be a "Temporary Gentleman's Cloak Room."

HIS FRIEND (*seeking vainly for some way of escape*): Yes?

THE BRILLIANT WIT (*holding him fast with his glittering eye*): Now, do you know what a Temporary Gentleman is?

HIS FRIEND (*helpless and hopeless*): No.

THE BRILLIANT WIT (*overflowing with pure joy at his own brilliance*): Very well. Then I will tell you. A Dude is a Temporary Gentleman!

ACT III.

The third act of "La Marjolaine" is not quite as lively as the first and second, but still a decent regard for the proprieties and amenities of American society restrains the present writer from venturing to set forth any of the events of the evening. Of a truth, "La Marjolaine" is a play which must be seen (and smelt) to be appreciated.

AFTER THE PLAY.

IN THE LOBBY.

THE FATHER OF A FAMILY: It is a beautiful theatre, yet I am glad we did not bring the girls.

THE MOTHER OF A FAMILY: It is a beautiful theatre, but the girls ought not to be allowed ever to see plays like this. I almost blushed myself.

THE FATHER OF A FAMILY: I did—quite!

THE MOTHER OF A FAMILY: Luckily it wasn't long!

THE FATHER OF A FAMILY: Unluckily it was very broad!

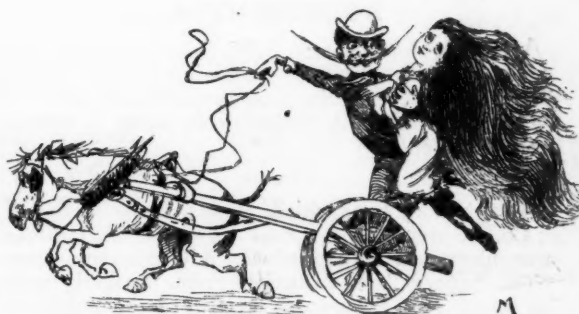
THE MOTHER OF A FAMILY: Albert Edward fortunately could not understand the play, but he enjoyed the music.

THE FATHER OF A FAMILY: Albert Edward, how did you like it?

ALBERT EDWARD (*with vigor*): C'était épatant! Elle est crament chic, cette petite Théo!

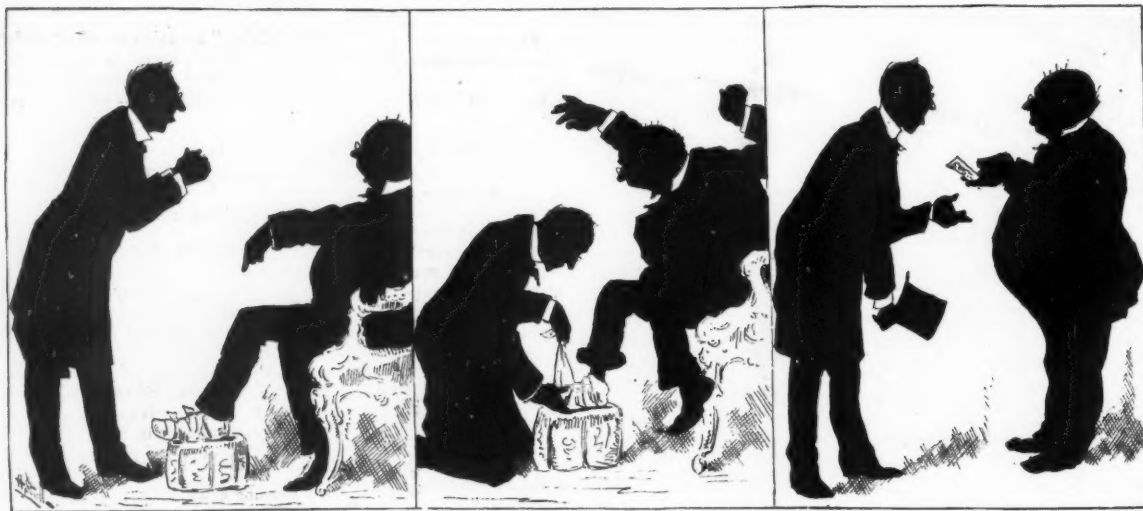
(*The Father of a Family and the Mother of a Family are taken home in the ambulance.*)

ARTHUR PENN.



SAID he, "If my relatives shirk us,
We've nowhere to go but the 'work'us."

But, plucking up heart,
He eloped in a cart
With the long-haired young girl from the circus.



VENI.

I CAME.

VIDI.

I SAW.

VICI.

I CORN-CURED.

A CASUISTRY.

I SWORE to Ninette, or Florette,
I am not entirely sure;
Man vows he will never forget,
But how make a memory endure?

But I promised whichever was there,
That to love I would ever be true;
And with conscience serene, I declare,
The vow to this day I keep, too.

The object of love has changed
From Ninette to Flora and May;
But however my glances have ranged,
That to love I've been false, who can say?

MORS-VIVENS.

BOOKISHNESS.

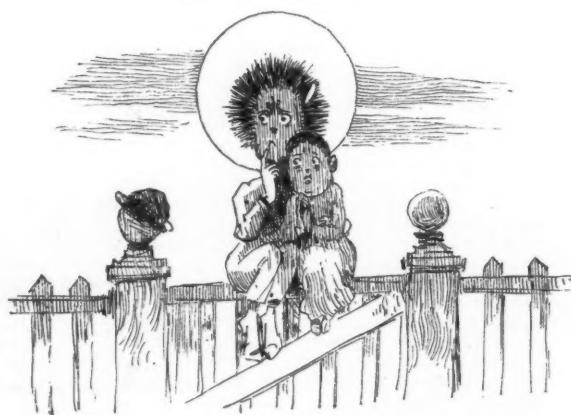
AN Englishman named A. W. Dubourg has just published a volume containing "Four Original Plays." But even if the plays are original, there can be no doubt that the author's own name is adapted from the French.

THE holiday book which Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. are preparing for next Christmas is an elaborately illustrated edition of Mr. A. Tennyson's poem, "The Princess," and an anxious public is eagerly awaiting information as to which member of the Vanderbilt family has sat for the chief picture.

Mr. Harry Jim (if we may be thus familiar) has a comedy called "Daisy Miller," now in course of publication in the *Atlantic Monthly*. We are told that it was originally written for the Madison Square Theatre,

which we are inclined to believe, as the play shows great ingenuity in use of the double stage—at least we suppose that Mr. Harry Jim (if we may be thus familiar) meant half of each act to be played simultaneously on each stage, thus enabling the playgoer to escape from the flow of words not later than midnight.

A YOUNG man named Guy de Manpassant has just written a little sketch of the life and literary career of M. Emile Zola. We had hitherto supposed that M. Zola himself was the grand Guy; and now M. de Manpassant introduces him to us as the zentre of the zolar zystem.



Arabella: HIST! THE NIGHT WAXETH APACE, ALGERNON, DEAR. DOST NOT HEAR THE OLD MAN?

Algernon: I DOST.

[Both Dust.]

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

BIOGRAPHETTES next week: No. 9, Psalm Tilden; No. 10, O'Dynamite Rossa.

FINANCIERING vowels.—I. O. U.

SHAKESPEARIAN thought.—When brains are out some men will dye.

THE *Evening Post* has a foreign correspondent who signs himself "†††." It is feared that he may be a Nihilist.

FROM a distant subscriber who had failed to receive his back numbers:

There are ten other "Life's" I long to greet.
Without which "Lifes" my "Life" is incomplete.

"I GUESS that girl must be the flour of the family," remarked the young man who had been waltzing with her, as he essayed to brush off the white spot on his coat sleeve.—*Boston Transcript*.

A ROLICKING burlesque, entitled "Conrad and Medora," was presented last Friday afternoon at the Turf Club Theatre, by a few members of the Hasty Pudding Club, of Harvard, in aid of the University Boat Club. A large audience was present and seemed abundantly pleased with the performance. The proceeds will enrich the Boat Club to the extent of about \$800.00.

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THE WHEELMAN FOR APRIL.

THE WHEELMAN begins its second volume with the April number, published March 20th, which will contain a large number of attractive articles, accompanied by numerous fine illustrations.

It will contain among others the following:

Pedalling on the Piscataqua.

BY C. A. HAZLETT, CHIEF CONSUL, L.A.W.

A sketch of a day's run on a marine bicycle up the Piscataqua river, from Portsmouth, N. H., and return, with illustrations of sights and scenes on the way. A second article to appear in a future number will describe a run to the Isles of Shoals.

From Paris to Geneva.

BY JOHN B. MARSH, OF "LONDON STANDARD."

A fully illustrated account of a tour made by the writer and a companion in a "Sociable" tricycle from Paris to Geneva.

Jealousy.

BY CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE.

A charming little poem, with full-page drawing, from a sketch by the writer.

"The Political Power of the L.A.W.," by PRESIDENT BATES; "A Midwinter Night's Dream," by Dr. GEO. E. BLACKHAM; "A Wheel to the Gold Mines of Cummins City," by W. O. OWENS, Laramie Bicycle Club; "234 Rides on No. 234," by KOL KRON; and many others by prominent wheelmen.

Turtle soup is fine to day sir!

No, no my dyspepsia will only allow me toast and tea.

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